

The famous Flower of SERVING-MEN.

OR,

The Lady turn'd Serving-Man.

Her Lord being slain, her Father dead,
Her Bower robb'd, her Servants fled;
She drest her self in Mans attire:
She trimm'd her Locks, she cut her Hair;
And therewithal she chang'd her Name,
From Fair ELISE to Sweet WILLIAM.

To a delicate new Tune, Or, Flora farewell. Summer time. Or, Loves Tide.



You beauteous Ladies great and small,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may understand
What I have suffered in this Land.

I was by birth a Lady fair,
My Fathers chief and onely Heir.
But when my good old Father dy'd,
Then was I made a young Knights Bride.

And then my Love built me a Bower,
Bedeckt with many a fragrant flower;
A braver Bower you never did see,
Then my true Lober built for me.

But there came Thieves late in the night,
They broke my Bower, and slew my Knight,
And after that my Knight was slain,
I could no longer there remain:

For my servants all from me did fly,
I'th midst of my extremity,
And left me by my self alone,
With a heart more cold then any stone.

Yet though my heart was full of grief & care,
Heaven would not suffer me to despair,
Wherefore in haste I chang'd my name,
From fair Elise to sweet William.

And therewithall I cut my hair,
And drest my self in Mans attire;
My Doublet, Hose, and Beaver Hat,
And a golden Band about my neck.

With a silver Rapier by my side,
So like a Gallant I did ride:
The thing that I delighted on,
Was for to be a Serving-man.

Thus in my sumptuous mans array,
I bravely rode along the way;
And at the last it chanced so,
That I unto the Kings Court did go.

Then to the King I bowed full low,
My love and duty for to show,
And so much favour I did crave,
That I a Serving-mans place might have.

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The Second Part, to the same Tune.



Stand up brave Youth the King reply'd,
Thy service shall not be deny'd:
But tell me first what thou canst do,
Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

Wilt thou be Wither of my Hall,
To wait upon my Nobles all?
Or wilt thou be Taster of my Wine,
To wait on me when I do dine?

Or wilt thou be my Chamberlain,
To make my Bed both soft and fine:
Or wilt thou be one of my Guard,
And I will give thee thy reward.

Sweet William with a smiling face,
Said to the King, If't please your Grace,
To shew such favour unto me,
Your Chamberlain I fain would be.

The King then did his Nobles call,
To ask the Counsel of them all;
Who gave consent sweet William he,
The Kings own Chamberlain should be.

Now mark what strange things come to pass
As the King one day a hunting was,
With all his Lords and noble train,
Sweet William did at home remain.

Sweet William had no company than
With him at home, but an old man;
And when he saw the coast was clear,
He took a Lute which he had there.

Upon the Lute sweet William plaid.
And to the same he sang and said,
With a pleasant and most noble voice,
Which made the old mans heart rejoyce.

Sweet Williams Song.

My Father was as brave a Lord,
As any Europe did afford;
My Mother was a Lady bright,
My Husband was a valiant Knight.

And I my self a Lady gay,
Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array:
The bravest Lady in the Land
Had not more pleasures to command.

I had my Musick every day,
Harmonious Lessons for to play:
I had my Virgins fair and free
Continually to wait on me.

But now alas my Husband is dead,
And all my Friends are from me fled:
My former joys are past and gone,
For I am now a Serving-man,

The End of Sweet Williams Song.

At last the King from hunting came,
And presently upon the same
He called for the good old man:
And thus to speak the King began.

What news, what news, old man (quoth he)
What news hast thou for to tell me;
Brave news the old man then did say,
Sweet William is a Lady gay.

If this be true thou tellest me,
Ile make thee a Lord of high degree:
But if thy words do prove a lye,
Thou shalt be hang'd up presently.

But when the truth the King had found,
His joys did more and more abound;
According as the old man did say,
Sweet William was a Lady gay.

Wherefore the King without delay
Put her on glorious rich array,
And upon her head a Crown of Gold,
Which was most famous to behold.

And then for fear of further strife,
He took sweet William to his wife:
The like before was never seen,
A Serving-man to be a Queen.

FINIS.

L. P.

Entréd according to Order;

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